

T H E
M I S E R B I T :
O R , A
P A R S O N T r i c k ' d
By a S A I L O R .

PART. I. How a Young Sailor came to court the Miser's beautiful Daughter, whom he designed to marry to a Parson.

PART II. How the Parson came to visit her, and how the old Man hired the Coachman to kill the Sailor, who discovered the same to the young Lady.

PART III. How the Sailor, dress'd like a Ghost, appear'd, and affrighted the Miser and the Parson.

PART IV. How the Parson upon this, left the Pursuit of her, and by Fright the old Miser died, who left his Daughter all he had : Whereupon she married the Sailor.



U L L : Printed and Sold in the Butchery.

The MISER BIT:

*How a young Sailor came to court a Miser's Daughter,
whom he designed to marry to a Parson.*

YOUNG Women if you will but draw near awhile,
I'll sing you a Ditty will make you to smile;
And you that have covetous Parents draw near,
This Story is true as you ever did hear.

In fair London City there lived of late,
A Miser that had worldly Riches so great,
He had a fair Daughter that all did adore,
But he kept her Engle for the sake of her Store.

Many brave Gallants came there for to woo,
But still with her Father they nothing could do;
For tho' he had had thousands his Heart would not give
Him to part with his Money so long as he liv'd.

This beautiful young Creature all divine,
She said, no one's Fortune is like unto mine;
The bloom of my Years I spend like a Nun,
My Father he likes ne'er a Lover that comes.

I fain would be marry'd, for well I do know,
Old Maids are despised when in Years they do grow,
And therefore I'll wed now while Beauty does bloom,
I'm resolv'd to marry the next that does come.

So now I will leave this fair Creature a while,
'Till Fortune upon her is pleas'd to smile;
To mention a Young Man of Courage so bold,
Whose Heart it was noble, but he had no Gold.

He was a young Sailor that plow'd on the Main,
And home from the fair Indies but lately he came.

Upon this fair Creature he soon cast an Eye,
For he was a Neighbour that lived hard by.

He said, for to Court her it is but in vain,
Her Father no Sutor he will entertain;
Those that have not Riches they must not come there,
But I'll venture, altho' I am never the near.

He writ to her thus, your Pardon I crave,
For Cupid, dear Madam, has made me your Slave,
I am but a Sailor the Truth to unfold,
But true Love you'll find is far better than Gold.

In many strange Countries, dear Madam, I've been,
And many a beautiful Face have I seen;
But none ever wounded my heart till I see,
The Charms of my Jewel so pleasing to me.

As soon as the Letter it came to her Hand,
By directing another she to him did send,
Saying, Sir, I do find you've a Passion for me,
But first with my Father you are to agree.

I courted have been by young Lords of Renown,
My Father he sends them away with a Frown;
But if you can find any way for to gain,
Me by his Consent, I your Servant remain.

To court me pray come in your Tarpawlin Dress,
Perhaps my old Father may like you the best;
It's true, he has slighted great Persons of fame
Who knows but a Sailor his Favour may gain.

The Sailor he dress'd him so neat and so trim,
And for to see his Lady went whistling in;
Her Father seeing him approach to her Room,
He slept up and ask'd him from whence he did come.

The Sailor, he made him no Answer we hear,
But slept into the Room and embraced his Dear;

The old Man amaz'd the Adventure to see,
Cry'd, you impudent Fellow pray who may you be?

She said, 'tis a young Man whom I do adore,
He'll marry me he does not value your Store;
You'll not let me marry with one that has Gold,
So I will wed with this Sailor so bold.

The old Man immediately bid him begone,
Saying, see that after her you no more do come;
Sir, I for a Parson my Daughter design,
And there to be married in a little Time.

The Sailor amaz'd to hear what he did say,
With a heavy Heart he went sighing away;
And the Daughter amaz'd this change for to see,
Began for to ask who the Parson might be.

Her Father he answer'd a Man just and true,
One who I am sure is the fittest for you,
He preaches the Gospel, your Soul he may save,
I like him before one that's gallant and brave.

This piece of Divinity pray let me see:
That you are so willing should marry with me;
The Father he said, you shall see him this Night,
If you fancy him you shall be marry'd out-right.

P A R T II.

THE Night being come the old Canter he came,
But scarce such a Figure sure never was seen,
Both old and decrepid, a Hump on his Back,
With his Nose and his Chin a Walnut might crack.

The Cuff he came trudging up to the Room,
By your Father's Consent, Madam, here I am come,
His Pleasure it is my Bride you shall be,
And a loving kind Husband I will be unto thee.

This Lady was proper as many report,
 He went to salute her but he was so short;
 He scarce could reach up to her Apron string,
 He heartily begg'd her to stoop unto him.

The beautiful Creature, she said, with a smile,
 To stoop to a Dwarf, it is not worth my while;
 Indeed Mr. Parson for to tell you plain,
 Before I am wed, I'll ne'er stoop to a Man.

He said, if I have you without all controul,
 I shall you advise for the good of your Soul;
 And therefore be humble and lowly my dear,
 Then he to salute her jump'd upon a Chair,

He eagerly kiss'd her, saying sweet are thy charms,
 I never shall rest till you are in my Arms;
 So then the old Father came simpering in,
 Saying, well my dear Daughter can you fancy him.

Dear honoured Father, the Lady reply'd,
 Indeed to this Dwarf I will never be ty'd,
 The old Man down-Stairs in a Passion did fly,
 Swearing to himself that the Sailor should die.

A Coachman he had that liv'd with him some time;
 A covetous Wretch after the golden Coin;
 A resolute Russian as ever you knew,
 He secretly to the same Fellow did go.

He told him if he a Secret would keep,
 He would reward him with riches so great,
 If he would contrive this young Sailor to kill,
 That his daughter in marriage might not have her will.

The Coachman protested, that indeed he would do,
 Ne'er fear Sir, I'll quickly make him for to rue;
 But to his young Mistress the Coachman he went,
 And told her, her Father's most cruel intent.

P A R T III.

HER Father that Night being out of the Way,
 She sent for the Sailor without more delay,
 She told him his base and bloody design,
 Saying, now I will bite him of some of his Coin.

For this is the Night you murder'd are to be,
 Till to-morrow at Night you shall be here with me;
 And when he does think that you murder'd are,
 I'll make him believe that your Ghost does appear.

The Coachman he out in the Evening did go,
 As the Miser did think the Job for to do;
 In two or three Hours he back did return,
 And told the old Miser the Job it was done.

Pray how did you kill him, the Miser he said,
 And where did you put him, John, when he was dead,
 He said, Sir, I tumbled him into a Well,
 The old Man he laugh'd, when the same he did tell.

But Master, says John, I'll lie with you to Night,
 For the deed I have done puts me in such a fright;
 I fancy he'll haunt me indeed in the end,
 Says the Miser ne'er fear, for the Parson we'll send.

And he shall lie with us Nights two or three,
 For he knows of the Murder as well as we;
 And since we're all guilty, alike we shall fare,
 They sent for the Parson, and to Bed did repair.

Soon as they were got into their gentle Repoise,
 To the Chamber Door then the Sailor he goes;
 The Blows he did give sounded like a Drum,
 There Master says Jack, now the Ghost it is come.

Three terrible Groans he did give, as we hear,
 Then softly crept into the Room to his Dear;
 The Parson his Hair stood an end on his Head,
 With the Fright the old Miser was almost dead.

The old Father he looked like one that was dumb;
In the Morning his Daughter unto him did come;
She told, what disturbance was that in the Night,
I'm sure I heard something which did me affright.

The Parson said, Jewel, you need not to fear,
Satan hath no Power when that I am here;
If any thing frights you love, come unto me,
Till we are married, your Father's Bed-fellow I'll be;

She then seem'd pleas'd and gave him a smile,
And Jack was laying the Plot all the while;
To get all Things Atting the Ghost to Array,
But the Father he sat like a Drone all the Day.

They went to their Bed again when it was Night,
Her Father said, Jack, we will set up a Light;
It is a good thought, Sir, the Parson he said,
I will pray for you all, to be not afraid.

P A R T IV.

THE Lady she dress'd the Ghost, when she'd done;
With a Torch in his Hand to the Chamber did
And gently moving then towards the Bed, (come,
The old Man from the Pillow lifted his Head.

And seeing the Sailor appear all in black,
He eagerly fasten'd upon his Man Jack;
Saying, now he will have me without Controul,
O Parson, now pray for the good of my Soul.

The Parson crept down in the middle of the Bed,
And the Father pull'd all the Cloaths over his Head;
The Sailor about the Bed-Foot did walk round,
And he pull'd all the Bed-Cloaths upon the Ground.

The Parson he shiv' with the Fright as he lay,
And the Miser cry'd, Parson, why don't you pray;

Pray, says the Parson, I am in such Fears,
Let's jump out of Bed, and run down the Stairs.

They strove which should get first out of the Room,
The Parson headlong down Stairs tumbled down;
Jack laugh'd till he piss'd for to see how his Hump,
Upon every Stairs did go thump, a thump, thump.

And as by the Ghost the Miser did pass,
The burning hot Link he did run in his Arse;
And after the Parson he tumbled down Stairs,
Still crying out, Parson, oh! Parson your Prayers.

They open'd the Door, into the Street they run,
The Watchmen with Staves and Lanthorns did come,
Saying, what is the matter? the Devil, they cry'd,
Then keep him amongst you the Watchmen reply'd.

As naked they cringing did stand in the Street,
The Sailor he put out the Link, and did creep,
Up Stairs to the Lady, who kept him secure,
Until she got him safe out of the Door.

Next Day it was noised all about as we hear,
That a Ghost unto the old Miser did appear;
Within a Week after he gave up his Breath,
And left all he had to his Child at his Death.

The Parson he never came a courting more,
She has married her true Love, whom she did adore,
A hundred a Year to Jack she did give,
And he is to keep it as long as he lives.

At the Wedding Dinner they told all the Game,
The Guests they were pleased and none of them
blam'd;
But truly commended this Couple has been,
Since he would have acted so cruel a Thing.



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